Kaw-Liga

Hawkshaw Hawkins

Kaw-liga was a wooden Indian standing by the door
He fell in love with an Indian maid over in the antique store
Kaw-liga just stood there and never let it show
So she could never answer, yes or no
He always wore his Sunday feathers and held a tomahawk
The maiden wore her beads and braids and hoped someday he'd talk
Kaw-liga, too stubborn to ever show a sign
Because his heart was made of knotty pine
Poor old kaw-liga, he never got a kiss
Poor old kaw-liga, he don't know what he missed
Is it any wonder that his face is red?
Kaw-liga that poor old wooden head
Kaw-liga was a lonely Indian, never went nowhere
His heart was set on the Indian maid with the coal black hair
Kaw-liga just stood there and never let it show
So she could never answer, yes or no
Poor old kaw-liga, he never got a kiss
Poor old kaw-liga, he don't know what he missed
Is it any wonder that his face is red?
Kaw-liga that poor old wooden head
Then one day a wealthy customer bought the Indian maid
And took her oh so far away but old kaw-liga stayed
Kaw-liga, just stands there as lonely as can be
And wishes he was still an old pine tree
Poor old kaw-liga, he never got a kiss
Poor old kaw-liga, he don't know what he missed
Is it any wonder that his face is red?
Kaw-liga that poor old wooden head
(Kaw-liga)
Kaw-liga
(Kaw-liga)
Kaw-liga
(Kaw-liga)
Kaw-liga

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